

# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY

Vol. III. No. 45. [WILLIAM BOOTH  
General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

APRIL 30, 1898.

[EVANGELINE BOOTH  
Commissioner.]

Price 5 Cents.

Published at Toronto, from the Territorial Headquarters for Canada, North-West America, Newfoundland and the Bermudas.



THERE IS DELIVERANCE FROM YOUR BURDEN OF SINS AT THE CROSS OF JESUS CHRIST.—[See article by Emory Kenning, page 4.]

1. How many disciples did Jesus have?
2. What do we notice most in the absence of Matthew?
3. How does Jesus call people to-day?
4. What is the difference between people who are merely reformed and those who are converted?

**Memory Text.**

"I came not to call the righteous, but

# FURTHER HAPPENINGS OF THE GENERAL'S TRIUMPHANT TOUR

## A Spiritual Cyclone at Minneapolis. 125 Souls in Two Days.

### ST. PAUL, MILWAUKEE, RED JACKET AND ISHPEMING THE SCENES OF BRILLIANT ENGAGEMENTS.

#### Chicago Shaken by Our Leader's Mighty and Influential Gatherings.

**T**HE chronicle of the General's continuing campaigns on this continent is replete with events full of brilliant significance. The tour gathers in force and influence as it advances upon each centre.

Minneapolis was a conquest on a huge scale, both in point of congregations, converts and enthusiasm. The first meeting which the General conducted here, was the scene of

#### A Spiritual Smash.

The General's remarkable address was characterized by uncton and liberty. Fifty-five people knelt at the penitent form, many bathed in tears of contrition—sometimes coming in ones and twos, or rushes of four and five at once. Some knotty soul-problems found solution at the front. A much-tempted accepted candidate who had well-nigh yielded to the selfish persuasions of her worldly friends, and to the pleadings of an inopportune aunt, was amongst the delivered.

The Scandinavian element in the population of Minneapolis numbers eighty thousand, amongst whom we have a promising corps. The night's meeting which was held at the spacious Tabernacle, was given up to the Swedes. The General saw the imminency of the chance and seized it. Instead of "playing to the gallery," by a merely Social address, he opened his Bible, and with Brigadier Toft as translator, delivered his soul on salvation, damnation, heaven and hell. The audience was mightily convicted of God. As the General was concluding his burning appeal, there was

#### A Sob Somewhere Near the Platform.

and an Adjutant quietly crept down the aisle. The General waited a moment. The sob grew louder. The Adjutant returned with the information that it was a child. "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," was the response. The child came sobbing to the Cross. "Shall we count her?" cried the Colonel. "Yes," replied a host of soldiers. "They will count her in heaven, and what is worth recording in heaven is surely worth doing in Minneapolis." (Loudly volley.) Twenty-three men and women followed that little girl to the Mercy Seat.

The three meetings conducted by the General on Sunday in the Opera House, were wonderful. The General's definite helping of forty-four souls set the seal. Here is a difficult case:

Husband and wife, at variance for months, resolved on separation previous week. Seeing announcement of General's meetings, resolved to postpone former until they had heard him. In first meet-

ing were condemned and confessed, forgave and were

#### Reconciled to God and Each Other.

The Social meeting on the following night, presided over by the Mayor, and the General's address to the assembled Ministerial Association, were both events on a par with previous successes.

The General's visit to St. Paul was all too short to satisfy the citizens. The meeting which he there conducted was a signal triumph, and the after testimony of the officer in charge of the local corps was that "The visit has shaken the place."

Milwaukee is the metropolis of the United States, but nevertheless gave the General the heartiest of hearty receptions.

#### The Press Distinguished Themselves

by a series of interviews and articles, illustrative of the General and his work, both flattering and favorable. The mighty Lyceum Theatre was gorged for the meeting. Judge Sutherland presided, supported by forty-five ministers and leading citizens. The General's address was listened to for an hour and a half with rapt attention.

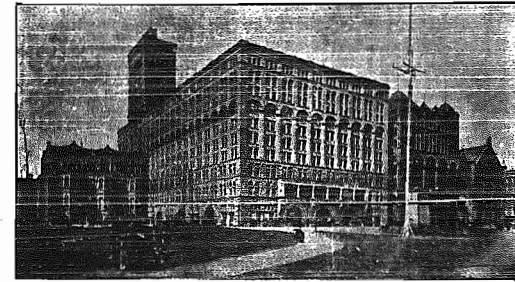
A public holiday was virtually proclaimed in Red Jacket in honor of the General's visit. Fully two thousand people were at the depot to vouch the wel-



CONSUL BOOTH-TUCKER.

Latin Mills, made an address of welcome, which for eloquent praise, we have hardly seen equalled. We give his closing words of welcome to the General, as they were uttered:

"For nearly fifty years he has walked with bleeding, tireless feet the flint stones of the world's highway, the Good Samaritan for the lowly and them that suffer; he has been, with bleeding, patient heart the inspired preacher of righteousness to the sad, countless crowd. Kind as any woman, unselfish as a mother, yet possessed of the wisdom of a sage and the high qualities of strong but gentle leadership, he stands as the world's patriarch



THE CHICAGO AUDITORIUM.

come of this mining centre. The General held two gigantic meetings in the Armory.

Ischpeeming is sometimes called the twin city to Red Jacket. It certainly lived with the enthusiasm of the latter to greet the General. Five thousand people composed the welcome demonstration at the depot. The General's visit had been the subject of the city's anticipations, which were not disappointed.

Cities great and small have shared in the universal quickening of the General's campaigns. Chicago's was a big share. A large number of its nearly two million inhabitants were moved by the events of the General's six days spent amongst them.

The soldiers' meeting was a season of Divine outpouring, with fifty-three for perfect deliverance at the penitent form. On Sunday the great Rink, holding from 1,500 to 2,000 people was

#### Three Times Thronged to the Doors.

Between fifty and sixty penitents were the visible results of the day. Another twenty-four sat the scene to the two crowded salvation gatherings conducted by the General in the Central Music Hall on Monday.

A lurid Swede who had attended the meetings for a long time without yielding, was the first to volunteer at the enthusiastic Scandinavian meeting. He was the first of twenty. A large number of the penitents were willing to become recruits on the spot.

Passing over Wednesday's ministers' meeting and officers' council, brings us to the great Social meeting of Thursday, held in the Auditorium, said to hold 5,000, and which was filled with a representative Chicago crowd. The Army's well-known lawyer-friend, the Hon. Luther

Tucker and Commissioner Nicol sat down to transact some business. Not a couple of minutes had passed when a cablegram was handed in. The General opened it, and by the wording of it guessed that it contained tidings of some sort, especially as he had been advised by the mail previously of sickness among his grandchildren in London and the Falls. Commander Booth-Tucker and Commissioner Nicol translated the code words, which clearly read: "Deeply regret to inform you of the death of Commissioner Lucy's child: croup. I have proceeded to Paris—Chief."

It was

#### A Bolt from the Sky.

especially considering the sorrow which fell upon the brave, tender, devoted Commissioner Lucy Booth-Helberg. The General was deeply moved; his father's heart at once turned to the grief-stricken mother in Paris, the cold tennement in which had sparkled the joy and life of the sweetest earthly treasure and the anguish of the mother who could reflect upon her first-born, asleep in an Indian grave. "Pray, Commander," said the General and the three men knelt. Then the General spoke to God: "Help my child," he cried, beseeching. "You know how delicately and sensitively and how finely she is put together. What an agency! Console her, dear Lord! Where human sympathy will fail, let the consolation of Thy Spirit be applied to her heart. The child is safe for an hour, then, the father! Sanctify the visitation for Thy glory, Thy glory, for Christ's sake. Let her poor body be strengthened and good come out of this sorrow!"

And then the General rose and asked that the Consul be called. And here the reports withdrew. There are times when the mournful are best satisfied in their loneliness. The news was carried to the officers in council, and special blessing prayed for.

We have not space for the officers' councils.

They were marvellous in the spirit or unity and intelligence. The great session resulted in a mighty break-down. I have seldom been in a meeting where there were such beautiful surrendering to God-wrought convictions.

Detroit was the next city on the plan. The General landed in the city at 7 a. m., and by 11 a. m. was on the cars again for Rochester, N. Y. During the brief sojourn our leader gave an interview to the reporters, the officers of the corps, and a lady in distress. He spoke for an hour and a half to a large audience in a colossal hall, wrote a letter to President McKinley on the Cuban difficulty and transacted other business.

Instead of the General reaching the city of Rochester at 10 a. m. on Wednesday morning, it was not until 2 p. m. that Brigadier Streeter and his staff were able to welcome our leader at the depot. The delay was owing to a collision between two freight trains, shortly after leaving Detroit. But for a vigilant guardman, our express would probably have gone full tilt into the wreck, and one of the biggest and most sensational railway accidents would have startled the world. As it was, fully five hours were spent in clearing the road. That delay caused us to miss the connection at Niagara, and thus the only day afforded the General for "resting" (?) on this tour was spent on the cars in his usual busy style, with the aid of Commander Booth-Tucker and the stenographer. (Not for publication.) It is correct that three of the staff visited the Falls, and that

#### A Certain Interrupted Commissioner

saw several ladies a nervous shock by mounting the wall, holding on to the rails thereof, and dipping his feet in the roaring falls two yards to the precipice. Of course, his intention was scientific. He wanted to test the current of the water.

to the masses, his prophet to the poor. (Terrific and prolonged cheering.)

Welcome to the heart of this community; welcome to the heart of America (continued cheering)—whose people are writing now, in intense letters than ever before, on the emblem of their republic, the inscription of humanity—welcome to William Booth, the leader of the Salvation Army, still pleading his holy cause, the unselfish friend of man and the humble servant of his God. (Loud and continued applause.)

"Are you pleased?" was asked Lieutenant-Colonel French, at the end of the day. "No; I wish all Chicago could have heard the General describe the Salvationist's last triumph over death. It made me feel afresh the glory of our end."

Tom Adams: "I cried all day."

A man when spoken as to his soul: "It's no use talking to me. The General has made the price of salvation too clear. I am about the worst sinner in Chicago." "Would you wish us to make it any cheaper than it is?" The man thought a little, and then said, "No; it would not be worth buying."

#### An Ex-Officer Lay at the Penitent Form

for an hour after the last meeting had closed. Who was the eighty-fifth for the day? Who had a great struggle for peace? Again and again she cried in the darkness of her soul, to everyone who spoke to her, "I never felt before that sin was so black."

The news of the death of Commissioner Booth-Helberg's little baby reached the General by cable on Wednesday morning. The breakfast things were cleared away, and the General, Commander Booth-

HON. LUTHER LAYMAN MILLER.

COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER.

## GAZETTE.

## MARRIAGE.

Ensign McKenzie, to Lieutenant Woodgate, at Lippincott St., on Friday, April 8th, by Brigadier Gaskin.

## FROCTIONS.

Lieutenant Coelen, of Truro, to be Captain.  
Lieutenant Davis, of Picou, to be Captain.  
Cadet Herringshaw, of Rat Portage, to be Lieutenant.  
Cadet Anderson, of Rat Portage, to be Lieutenant.  
Cadet Strong, of Winnipeg, to be Lieutenant.  
Cadet Muttart, of the Fredericton Garrison, to be Lieutenant.  
Cadet McElheney, of the Fredericton Garrison, to be Lieutenant.  
Cadet Melvor, of the St. John, N. B., Garrison, to be Lieutenant.  
Cadet Cann, of the Lippincott Garrison, to be Lieutenant.  
Cadet Bond, of the Lippincott Garrison, to be Lieutenant.  
Cadet Liddard, of the Lippincott Garrison, to be Lieutenant.  
Cadet Woods, of the Lippincott Garrison, to be Lieutenant.  
Cadet Northcott, of the Lippincott Garrison, to be Lieutenant.  
Cadet Norman, of the Lippincott Garrison, to be Lieutenant.  
Cadet Capper, of the Lippincott Garrison, to be Lieutenant.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,  
Field Commissioner.

## WAR CRY

## OUR INDOMITABLE COMMISSIONER.

ONCE again the Commissioner has waved a farewell to Territorial Headquarters from the footboard of a departing train. Her zeal and enterprise has given her no time to rest after the tremendous exertions of her last Western trip. The brief interim between the two campaigns has been crowded with an amazing quantity of business, the usual high-tide of the Commissioner's work being filled to overflowing with the influx of additional matters having reference to the Klondike expedition. And this has been accomplished despite the fact that the Commissioner was laid low for some suffering days. The love, faith and prayers of her Headquarters Staff follow the Commissioner on her present undertaking, and anticipate God's crowning to her self-denying and persistent toil.

## GOOD-BYE TO THE PIONEERS.

ONE of the most remarkable and touching farewells witnessed for some time, was that of the pioneer contingent for the Klondike, last Friday. The Staff Band (which is sacrificing two prominent members) marched with the party to the Union Station, Ensign Morris and Captain Bloss playing their instruments for the last time on Yonge Street for some time to come. The scene on the platform was affecting. There were some touching farewells. Adjutant Dowell, the leader, who leaves his wife and little daughter for his new sacred charge, said good-bye like a soldier, as did also his noble-hearted wife through her tears; nor were other members on what behind in warrior demeanor. The platform was thronged with Salvationists, who sang behind their waving handkerchiefs, "God be with you till we meet again." Till the last car disappeared round the curve. And we walked away in the glorious spring of sunshine with hearts full of sorrow of parting, yet illumined by joy when in thought of the warmth of Salvationist love and courage which was speeding at that moment on the journey which would terminate in snowy and needy Alaska.

## IN A TOMB OF SNOW.

UNDER the above heading the Press of Spokane refers in most sympathetic terms to the recent awful catastrophe through the snow-slide on the Chilkoot Pass. A long list of

names of the dead is published and our Spokane contemporary goes on to say: "A fact that lends horror to the fearful tragedy is that it may never be known with any degree of accuracy just how many lives were sacrificed, how many were or where they came from. Many a poor fellow lies buried where no human aid can reach him and where his remains must rest until the summer sun melts the tons of snow and ice under which he lies buried. Upon the crowded trail no record was kept of the living, tolling mass, braving hardships and facing death itself in the mad rush for gold. In the procession that daily passed were people from all parts of the world, unknown to one another." One fact which adds, if possible, an especial gloom to the story is that two of our officers, Captains L. and C. Ziebarth, well-known from the record of their self-denying labors in the War Cry, have suffered through this accident a severe bereavement in the loss of their brother, Gus Ziebarth, whose body has been recovered and conveyed to Seattle. May God sustain our two comrades, and indeed all those who have felt the dull thud of heart-pain from this disaster. Let us who remain be ready when our turn comes, whether the call be sudden or not.

## LEAGUE OF MERCY'S BENEFICENT WORK ADVANCING.

THE LEAGUE OF MERCY is making good progress. It now visits over sixty institutions and reports on the same to T. H. G. Amongst the penal institutions visited are:

Toronto Central Prison.  
Don Jail, Toronto.  
Mercer Reformatory for Women, Toronto.  
The Refuge for Girls, Toronto.  
Regina Jail.  
Woodstock, Ont., Central Prison.  
Portage la Prairie Prison.  
Kingston Penitentiary.  
Kingston County Jail.  
Hamilton House of Refuge.  
Hamilton County Jail.  
London Jail.  
Guelph Jail.  
Butte Jail.  
Spokane Jail.  
Soldiers and officers who feel specially drawn out in spirit on behalf of the sick and sorrowing should write the Women's Social Secretary as to their willingness to take up League of Mercy duties.

## MUST DE-CENTRALIZE.

OFFICERS should divide up the work of their commands, and give to each soldier and local officer his share. The General, and indeed all the great administrative minds of the Army, have long held that the most successful officer is not the man who is the greatest worker himself, but he who, in addition to this, succeeds in getting the greatest number of those working with him to accept each his distinct place in the corps' operations and responsibility for successfully carrying out the same.

## HOW TO AVOID FRICTION.

STAND by Salvation Army Rule and Regulation in your work. The Salvation Army, when run on its own lines, runs easily, like a machine well oiled, but a departure from Army Regulation in the conducting of Army affairs, is certain to provoke friction sooner or later. Run on Regulation lines.

During the General's stay in Chicago he inspected the Shelters and interviewed the officers respecting the work and position and prospects of the Social work.

The General held two most successful meetings in Rochester—one in the First Presbyterian Ch. It was packed to the doors by 7:45 p.m. and 200 turned away. At night, with the Mayor of the city in the chair, another inspiring time.

## The East's Great Self-Denial Victory.

The Provincial Target of \$7,000 Reached and Passed—Klondike!

IN consequence of the Windsor fire, the Eastern Self-Denial had to be postponed until the beginning of February. Our District Officers and Field Officers worked like trojans, and their efforts have been crowned with good success. On account of sickness the General's meetings, and having to be away in Toronto, the Provincial Officer was unable to sweep round the Province to stand by the officers and assist in stirring up interest; and then just as Self-Denial arrived the Chancellor was furloughed to another field. Still in spite of all these drawbacks the officers and soldiers have done bravely. God bless them. Adjutant Alkenhead takes the lead with \$1,183.26, having done \$150 above her target at her own target.

The following shows the amount raised by each District, with the grand total:

District	Name of D. O.	Number of Officers	Amount raised.
Halifax I.	Adj. Alkenhead.	8	1,183.26
Moncton	Ensign Edwards.	5	920.00
St. John	Adj. Desbarnes.	6	654.64
New Glasgow	Ensign Fraser.	3	515.00
Yarmouth	Adj. Galt.	6	579.01
Bermuda	Adj. Matthews.	4	509.48
Fredericton	Adj. Swales.	3	475.15
Prince Edward Isld.	Adj. McMillan.	3	342.50
Windsor	Adj. Miller.	4	318.13
Springhill	Ensign Crockett.	4	288.74
Special meetings			128.58
For Ensign Perry			410.00
		58	7,064.99

This makes an average of \$124 per corps. We thank God for all the sacrifice and toil of our dear officers and soldiers in this great effort, and hope

"That every dollar sent  
Will cause someone to repent."  
Yours victoriously,  
J. S. PUGMIRE, P. O.

## LIPPINCOTT STREET.

(Special.)

On Good Friday night we had a splendid crowd of people gathered for the wedding ceremony of Ensign McKenzie and Lieutenant Woodgate, which was conducted by Brigadier Gaskin.

The Junior Soldiers gave a display of bar-bell and dumb-bell exercises which were much enjoyed, and while the string trio played, the Band of Love classes were working, this was followed by the event of the evening. The knot was duly and securely tied and the bridegroom kissed his new wife amid the applause of the company. Adjutant Stanton, Mrs. Major Smeaton, and Mrs. Brigadier Gaskin spoke with fervor and vigor. After the meeting a good crowd sat down to the wedding supper.

## HAMILTON I.

(Special.)

This corps was visited on Saturday, Sunday and Monday by Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin and little Eva. Saturday night was a fine turn out and a right down good meeting. Twenty-four soldiers enjoyed a rich feast at the Easter morning knee-drill. In the holiness meeting one poor backslider came home to his Father.

A magnificent crowd gathered round the ring in the afternoon open-air meeting, the Spirit of God took hold of them, a good crowd followed to the barracks where the Juniors took the platform.

We had a fine meeting on Sunday night, although it was disturbed at a very critical point by two young men, however, four souls came to the feet of Jesus Christ, one an old man with white hair. Monday night was the Juniors' Jubilee. The recitations, solos, drills, etc., were immensely enjoyed by the people. The Junior Soldier and Band of Love work is in good shape, and everything is in a prosperous condition.

# The FIELD COMMISSIONER'S Appointments.

## Klondike Expedition FAREWELL TOUR...

\*Jamestown, Thursday, April 28. (Party only.)  
Butte, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, April 30th, May 1st and 2nd. (Monday, Miss North in Rega.)  
Spokane, Tuesday, May 3rd.  
New Whetoom, Thursday, May 5th.  
Vancouver, Saturday and Sunday, May 7th and 8th.  
Victoria, Thursday, May 12th.

The Field Commissioner will not be at Jamestown.

## PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

Opening of a Splendid  
New Rescue Home  
AT TORONTO,  
On Tuesday Evening, May 3rd,  
COLONEL JACOBS

ASSISTED BY  
Brigadier and Mrs. Margatta, Brigadiers Campbell, Bond, Gaskin, Mrs. Brigadier Bond (Women's Social Secretary), Major Frisbie, Stewart, Smeaton and Horn, and the Women's Social and Territorial Headquarters Staff.

## NEXT WEEK!

The General  
as a  
Salvation Soldier.

A Fascinating Article on a Fascinating Theme, Specially Written for the Enrolment Cry by  
COMMISSIONER NICOL.

Special Illustrations. Make this your known.

On a recent Sunday at the Temple knee-drill there were two men present (amongst the rest of the knee-drillers) one who had walked five miles and got there in time; the other man said he had wanted to be early the night before in order to get to knee-drill.



## Chief Secretary Jacobs Re-Installed.

COLONEL JACOBS, Chief Secretary, is back in his accustomed place, standing by the Field Commissioner at the helm.

When the Klondikers burst on to the platform at the Massey Hall, in their Arctic rig-out, and in the execution of their extraordinary manoeuvres, we had eyes for nothing else, and scarcely noticed that the Chief Secretary was with the Field Commissioner, but when the hub-bub subsided, and he stepped forward to the front, and the old familiar voice was heard lining out the first song, there was a flutter and a movement which presently resolved itself into an outburst of spontaneous applause—more especially from the officers, and which spoke very plainly as to the pleasure the Colonel's presence in his official position, afforded the Salvationists of the Queen City. It must, too, have been very gratifying to the Colonel to find himself received back so very warmly.

Miss Booth was steaming fast towards the West, many miles from Toronto, by Monday, but had left a letter for her Headquarters' Staff, which in beautiful language re-installs the Colonel in the actual duties of his official position. She said amongst other things: "I am now able to tell you that Colonel Jacobs is once again practically back in his place. After months of extreme weakness and some suffering, God has graciously granted the many prayers that have been offered by comrades everywhere, and given back again the health and strength which enables the Chief Secretary to once more fulfil the duties of his responsible position. During his long sickness, the Colonel's warrior spirit has been chafing under the enforced inaction, and it is a source of much thankfulness to his heart that he is once more able to be at the front again. I know you will mingle with your gratitude to God for his restoration, prayers that his return to health may be permanently sustained."

On seeking an interview the Cry man was received with welcome and smiles by the two administrative chiefs—Colonel Jacobs and Brigadier Margets—who he found closely engaged in discussing Salvation Army business.

The Colonel carries himself with freedom and jollity. In reply to the question, "How are you really in health?" he said, with a shrug of his shoulders, and a sweep over his yard or two of the office floor, "First class."

The Cry man knew that the Colonel could have had handled much actual business in the few hours he had been at his desk, so ventured the query, "What is your opinion of rests, Colonel?" The Colonel smiled again, and answered in his usual laconic fashion, "The fewer the better. It takes more grace to rest than work."

"Then we may take it, Colonel, that you have returned with more grace than when you went away on your furlough?"

"Yes, that's the logical conclusion," said the Colonel.

"The latest about the Field Commissioner, Colonel?"

"Miss Booth left in fair health and excellent spirits on Saturday for the Klondike tour, of which you will hear more in the future. She returns May 21st."

"Are you down for any demonstrations yourself, Colonel?"

"Yes, Mrs. Jacobs and Brigadier Margets accompany me to Galt for Sunday's meetings, and to Heesler for Monday's."

"Friday night," ohmed in Brigadier Margets, "is the night of the Colonel's public welcome—he will conduct a holy-ness meeting in the Temple on that occasion."

the office, and quite broke the thread of business by congratulating the War Cry man on the advent of his second daughter upon the stage of life. Various remarks followed with which we will not trouble the reader. The last item of home life business being the reference to the Ensign's splendid Self-Denial fight, of which Colonel Jacobs, who is an old Easterner, speaks in the highest terms, "especially since it was fought in the winter," and, added Brigadier Margets, "so soon after the taking of the funds for the great fire."

We hurried for Brigadier Pugnare and his Eastern braves, and the Cry man made his bow and his exit, but was followed by Colonel Jacobs, who whispered, "You ought to mention the goodness of Brigadier Margets. He has had to fill a difficult position under difficult circumstances, and he has done wisely and well. He has shown himself to be a true-hearted and able Salvationist. I personally cannot but feel the warmest gratitude for all his kindness to me, and the concern, as well as myself, owe him his thanks for his services, too. Good-bye."

"It's tried your steam, old boy," was the Ensign's cool comment, who came out of the ordeal unharmed. Two minutes afterwards the trio were listening to the marvellous story of God's saving grace, as displayed in some of the corps in Northern Ontario—so quickly do Salvationists pass from the height of salvation hilarity to a state of mind full of the deepest interest in the affairs of the Kingdom.

"Gravenhurst," said the Staff-Captain, his big dark eyes dilating, "Captain Howcroft is stationed there, has for some time been the scene of a wonderful revival. It has been convulsion on convulsion until the people live in a throes of excitement, wondering what is coming next. Mrs. Captain Dodge, of Toronto, went down to Gravenhurst, not anticipating anything different from the old style of things, and did not know how to express herself when she saw what was going on. One of the most prominent of the converts is her own brother. Horst is a noble boy."—Hence the Staff-Captain put his head on one side, and moved it easily from one side to the other, producing a most powerful emphasis on the word "fine." "He really is a most prom-

with a "Ta-rah-rah-rah-rah-rah-rah-rah-r-a-a-h!" from Captain Dick Griffith's cornet, which brought us all to our knees in the upper room where soon the Staff-Captain's deep bass voice was heard in fervent intercession, pleading for our General, our Field Commissioner, and the Army. JOHN COMPLIN.

## WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR BURDEN.

(See Frontispiece.)

"Art thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distressed?  
'Come to Me,' saith One, and coming,  
Be at rest."

HOW many men are there of earth's sons and daughters whose lives are filled with the one alluring consciousness of burden bearing. Though many and varied the causes, yet the quickly-fleeting hours and days bring little or no relief to their worn spirits—they travel on through life's journey, and, oppressed, burdened. And yet all the while there is a painless for every ill—a balm for every wound, though they know it not. The words of the poet speak a truth as certain and sure as the existence of God Himself:

"Earth has no sorrow  
That Heaven cannot heal."

It may be that it is just at this point that we have made their mistake—looking to earth for what alone is to be found in heaven-seeking water at the broken cistern that can hold no water. They know not the true source of rest, relief, and comfort. And why? Is it that they are excluded from the blessed realization of the promise of God? Is it that there is no provision for the supplying of their needs? Surely not, since

All are hidden "Come, and Consoling,  
Find 'Rest."

Then why the continued burden? Why the unrest? Why the sorrow? There can be no effect without a cause, and cannot a cause be found in ourselves?

In the fifty-ninth chapter of Isaiah, we find these words: "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy that it cannot hear; but your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hidden His face from you that He will not hear."

Here we have the answer to our question. Here we see the cloud that comes between the soul and its God, shutting out the bright light of His smile, and wrapping the life in the gloom and shade of disappointment. Like the darkened window that excludes the shining of the sun, or the obstacle that hinders the flow of the water from the reservoir, so sin comes

Severing the Connection Between Earth and Heaven.

destroying the soul's communion with its Lord, thus effectively hindering the blessing, and comfort, and help, that would otherwise have come to them.

It is not in the power of CIRCUMSTANCES to separate from God. Sorrow can never bolt and bar the doors that are ever open to minister comfort and solace to those that mourn. Not there is but one thing that can accomplish this purpose, and that is the blood of Jesus. He declares it SIN. "Your sins have separated between you and your God," and the burdened soul must yield a ready, though maybe sad, assent.

And now what of the sins? Is it all of the Gospel but to remind one of sin? No! Ten thousand times no. There is One who was called Jesus, because so was to save His people from their sins. This is the fulness of the Gospel. Salvation from sin—freedom from its guilt, its power, its weight. But perhaps one who read this will exclaim, with our old, "Oh, that I knew where I and Him" (Job xxix, 2). Burden

He is not far off! "He is in" them that call upon Him, call upon Him in truth!"

"Seek Me" with and I will be found of Lord" (Jer. xxix, 13, 14)

Seek to have His light and resolutions and inter-morit His salvation of your own, "I saved through myself, it is yourselves, it is not works" (Eph. ii, 8, 9).

your Burden. "weary" will give you comfort and rest.

"I will give you rest."

"I will give you rest."

"I will give you rest."

## The Pioneers at Port Arthur.

MISS BOOTH ACHIEVES ANOTHER BRILLIANT SUCCESS FOR THE KLONDIKE.

(BY WIRE.)

Last night's meeting a complete success. Left indelible impression. Town Hall crowded with most attentive audience. Mayor Maris ably introduced the Commissioner, and also moved vote of thanks. Commissioner at her best with her theme, "Klondike and Calvary's story." She dealt directly with the conscience, and struck out for the immediate salvation of the people. Hearty laughter and tears alternated. Willie's singing touched all hearts.

Collection sixty-five dollars, and promise of five dollars per month for one year from a friend. Commissioner well; party in excellent spirits, eating six or seven meals a day, and receiving much sympathy and kindness.

FRIEDRICH

## Stirring News of Siege Soul-Saving in Northern Ontario.

STAFF-CAPTAIN MINNICE, who now administers Salvation Army affairs in Northern Ontario, is at his Headquarters at Barrie, paid a visit to the Territorial Centre to transact business with the Army authorities there and perhaps to be present at the big Dedication Demonstration of the Klondike Pioneer Contingent, by Miss Booth, at the Massey Hall, Thursday, April 14th.

Of course he was not on the ground many hours before he paid the Editorial Department a visit. At the moment he entered Ensign Kenning was engaged with the Editor. Kenning and Minnice are old and close friends. Dramatic action ensued. Minnice was bronzed—looked hard as iron, and evidently felt as he looked, for he caught up the Ensign in his arms with a wild Highland shout, and a threat that he would shake the Ensign's liver up. He then jounced the Ensign up and down in a similar fashion to the way you throw pepper from the pepper-box at a dunce. Then he sat the

Ising young fellow. Opposite the saloon where he used to drink, he gave his testimony the other day. On Sunday, afternoon he led the testimonies in the Free-and-Easy. He doesn't want to write on the outskirts of the fight either. He says, "I'm going to be an officer straight away." There has been nothing like this work in Gravenhurst for years, and in the midst of it all, Captain Howcroft keeps a heart as humble as a little child's.

Shouts of "Glory" from the Editorial men.

"Then," continued the Staff-Captain, "We have Collingwood, transformed from a wilderness into a Garden of Eden. Captain Smith has a most blessed work going on there. She visits from door to door, and has made herself acquainted with the spiritual needs of the people. The business men of Collingwood have the greatest respect for the Army. Capt. Clink, of Aurora, who came down from the Indian war on Manitoulin Island, has a similar work going on there, and Captain Wilson is being wonderfully used of God amongst the Indians."

Interruptions from others having business with the Cry paper had been fre-

# Miss Booth Conducts the Farewell of the Klondike



**ENSIGN MORRIS**

Is an officer of seven years' standing, has served in the capacity of Secretary to the Commissioner and Chief Secretary, and as such is exceptionally smart and good. Is well up in book-keeping, etc. Has a good organic constitution, and will act as secretary and book-keeper to the Adjutant. The Ensign is a first-class cornet and banjo player, but can play almost any other instrument as well.

**KLONDIKE** has become a word of magic.

Thus spoke Miss Booth at the Massey Hall last Thursday night.

The deep significance of the words we have not to go far to find. Within the space of almost a few months that same word has induced tens of thousands to join the daily increasing multitudes of thronging Alaska. When we hear of homes sold up, situations thrown aside, life's aims and prospects turned with the quick decision of

## A Moment's Infatuation

—and when we further read of the rush which still climbs across the risky pass, heedless of the wrecked remains of adventurous predecessors, we feel like echoing the Field Commissioner's words, and ascribing such spasmodic enthusiasm to fairy-fascination.

Even since Miss Booth returned from the West, stored with tales told with kindling eye and listened to with bated breath, of soul-stirring scenes witnessed by herself—of that motley throng comprising rich and poor, young and old, some experience in fortune-hunting and others ignorant of the conditions of such

a task, which besiege those Western ports en route for

## The Miner's Lodestone

It has seemed as though Territorial Headquarters itself has caught the contagion. From neat-covered briefs in covers labelled "Klondike," to bulky packages bearing the same, the word upon everybody's lips, has been represented on everybody's office table. Stenographers have clicked its claims from off their



**CAPTAIN BLOSS**

Has been nearly three years an officer, and has had six appointments. He has been Assoc. Trade Secretary lately, and has done well. Is very good on the platform; strong physically, and reliable; plays the trumpet, sings nicely, and is a capital cook.

machines, financial boards have found its urgency dancing before their eyes in the discussion of other expenditure, while in and about the Field Commissioner's office there has attended a constant succession of interviews, all bearing reference to the same stirring theme. Strange, yet true,

## The Magic Word

found also a place, and that a fervent one in the prayers of the noonday staff knee-drill.

As the 14th drew near, around which date there seemed a concentration of interest, the excitement and hurry increased. Extraordinary packages of every shape containing unheard of apparel of uncertain shape arrived from constant carriers' hands, queer hats and

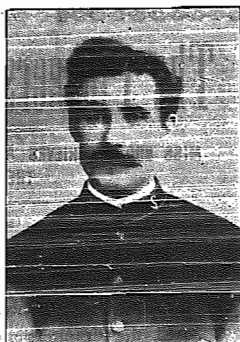
quaint canvas bags floated round a certain office on the top flat. "Outfit" and "route" mingled in council with the usual affairs of war, while from the Commissioner's presence there came now and again those whose warrior faces were full of serious purpose and who dropped hints about bidding farewell to friends, etc.

What could it all mean?

## Had the Salvation Army Gone out of Its Mind?

—had Klondike fascination turned its brain, were the seekers of souls about to transform themselves into seekers of gold?

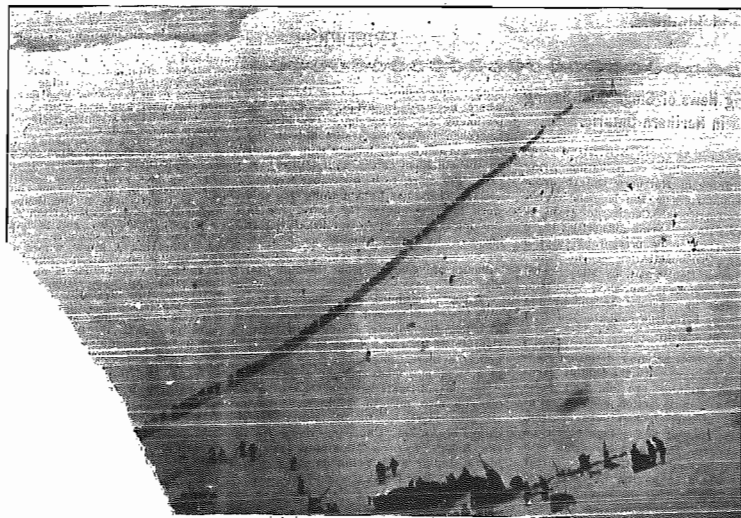
Gigantic bills of flaming yellow bearing mysterious reference to Miss Booth, Klondike and Massey Hall, hardly dissuaded the above. Even inside the doors of the Massey on the night of the 14th, the spell was not at once broken. The platform was quite in keeping with the infatuation which had, we must suppose, taken possession of these fore-



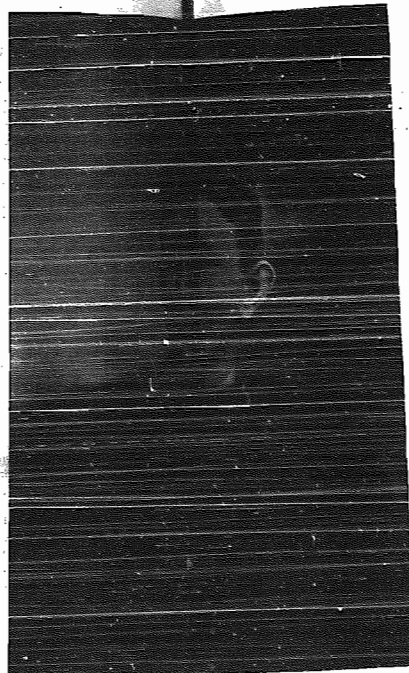
**CAPTAIN LECODQ**

This man has been an officer between four and five years, and has had six appointments. He is a strong, hardy little fellow, has been a blue-jacket for nine years, and can turn his hand to almost anything. He is a nice fellow on the platform, and is both ready and willing to do anything for God and soul.

sworn to eschew the perishable riches of Time. Collapsible canoes were conspicuous. These were cleverly contrived and admirably suited for traversing Arctic waters, or carrying over Arctic passes, but altogether incongruous with the usual



**THE RUSH OVER THE YUKON PASSES**



**ADJUTANT DOWELL**

Has been an officer for seven years, and has had twelve commands. He is in charge of the party. The Adjutant is a Newfoundlander, and has been used to hardships and trials and rough travelling, and has been in Newfoundland. He has done a little sailing, it well up to anything that has to do with boat sailing, etc. He is very successful in managing men and solving difficulties. Can build a barracks, make a boat, fix up a pair of boots, and turn his hand to almost anything. He is as strong as a young lion, and never knows a difficulty—except it is to conquer it. Has always done well in all his commands, is intelligent and witty on the platform, and is true to the flag, as well as being a lover of souls.

tactics of the representatives of Blood-and-Fire religion, who were near neighbors on the platform with the canoes.

Eight o'clock came, and then between the canoes and the Staff Band appeared the well-known, well-loved form of the Army's Commissioner—Miss Booth. Her presence, always a pleasure, gives sanction to a great deal and a guarantee of object to most minds—but could she really be going to despatch some of her people to bring back treasure trove from the Klondike in

## These Mysterious Canoes?

It was a problem unsolvable to the uninitiated.

Anticipation increased, and was then replaced by undeniable excitement. Miss Booth had hardly taken her seat, the restored Chief Secretary (one would have thought that a man so recently raised from a long sickness would have had more sense than join in the popular craze) was not yet on his feet to give out the opening song, when something, somebody—began to climb the high steps of the orchestra.

## Could it be a Dog?

A dog it certainly was, and harnessed to the strangest collection of bundles and bags on a portable sleigh. But who are these? A band of fur-capped, or rather hooded, men, and there are even

for there does not seem of the whole party!

Single file they commenced. Ere this, the audience had identified Klondikers, and the steady Pass. Half way a man nearly vanished and started the strain.

## What Looked Like

to the delight of the at the platform at the W

sued a great shaking

"Well boys, I'm glad

claimed the leader. A

tent was up, a hasty

means of the most w

stoves, and all the ac

ing bivouac brought o

onlookers were still

by the appearance of

which an agile Klond

and started the strain

"There's no one like

to-day.

His love and his kind

away.

In winter, in summ

rain.

My Saviour's affectio

same."

How could they sin

going for gold?

The song and pra

# Well of the Klondike Expedition at the Massey Hall.

Miss Booth gave it. She began by acknowledging the tremendous fascination of the theme which had brought them together. Told of

## Instances of Fabulous Wealth

which had come under her own eye—of fortunes made by a few minutes' find. But this was not all—the Commissioner turned to describe the underworld of sorrow, sin and suffering which lies behind the glamour of the gold seeking—sadder features of the gold fields which no one with any appreciation of the brain or compassion of the heart could hear of without having their souls stirred to their deepest depths. The Commissioner briefly touched on the combination of causes which made the Klondike so needy a field amidst all its wealth. The wail of the physically-stricken which rises

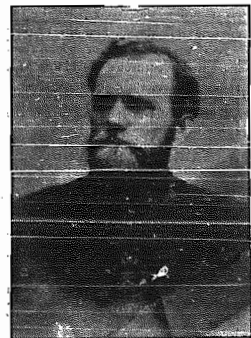
## Above the Hurrah of the Fortunate

—the Commissioner told harrowing tales supplied her by those who had been eye-

as she spoke of the spiritual need of godless Klondikers—the city which owned no church, could boast no Sunday School, and had neither the guidance of religious influence nor the restraint of social tie to hold the wickedness in check. Then turning to the little band of Klondikers at her side the Commissioner unveiled the purpose of their costume and the canon—

## They Were Going, not for Gold,

but to meet those two crying needs. Nurses on her right and pioneer officers



ENSIGN MCGILL

*He had three or four years experience in outdoor work in the North-West and British Columbia, which will be of untold value to this expedition. He plays organ, cornet and tin snare, is a good singer, has a lively spirit, loyal to the cause, and is reliable as rock. He is a farmer by trade. The Ensign has been an officer for ten years, and has had fourteen appointments.*

and the little Salvationist camp amongst them.

## A Solemn Rush

swept over hearts as the new Flag was unveiled by the Field Commissioner, and given in the name of God and the General into the hands of the pioneer leader of the party. He was visibly affected and there were many eyes moist as, with the party of eight standing round her, the Field Commissioner asked all else to bow in prayer while she committed the expedition to the protection and power of the conquering love of God.

The following wire from the General produced universal delight:

To My Dear Officers and Soldiers Assembled at the Massey Hall—

I rejoice to hear, always and everywhere, of any onward march on the part of my dear officers for the salvation and blessing of their fellowmen.

The Klondike pioneers go on a difficult and hazardous but Christlike ex-

## ENSIGN ELLERY

*Is an officer of ten years' standing, four of which have been spent in the field and six in the Rescue Work. Her bright, capable and goody disposition has made her a coveted wherever she has labored. As to her physical health, after ten years' hard work she is better than when she came into the work. She says that "roughing" puts life into her.*

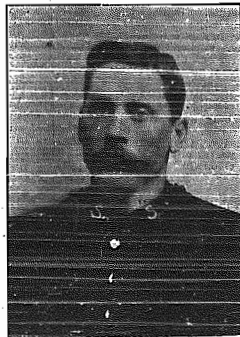
on her left were to be dedicated that night to the difficulties, opportunities and triumphs of Klondike Salvationists. The Commissioner demolished objections—due to the severity of the climate, well, Salvationists did not easily die, as to the wickedness that was playing such havoc, the attraction and power of the Calvary love which held the hearts of each was more than a match for that. Above all, for the whole undertaking, our confidence was in our God, Whom we had trusted in the past, and Whose strong arm of strength would work victory for and through our Flag in Alaska.

The Commissioner spoke as if inspired until she had carried her hearers to veritably see the suffering and sinning.

## CAPTAIN KENNEY.

*This officer has had seven appointments and has been an officer for over two years. He is a good fellow, has been a man-of-war's man, and is very well up in sea-faring life. Has been a Social officer until recently, and will be of great value in case it becomes a necessity to establish a Social institution. Is a good cook.*

witnesses of the terrible suffering that follows those who succumb to the climate severities—merely all the more painful because of the lack of training and medical skill. But the Commissioner's voice trembled with an even deeper earnestness



## ADJUTANT DOWELL

*Has been an officer for seven years and had twelve commands. He is in charge of the party. The Adjutant is a Newfoundland, and has been used to hardships and trials and rough travelling, and has done in Newfoundland. He has done a little mining, is well up in everything that has to do with boat sailing, etc. He is very successful in managing men and solving difficulties. Can build a barracks, make a boat, fix up a pair of boots in half an hour, and turn his hand to almost anything. He is as strong as a young bull, and never knows a difficulty—except it is to conquer it. Has always led all his commands, is intelligent and witty on the platform, and is true as the flag, as well as being a lover of souls.*

representatives of Blood—who were near neighbors with the canoes. He, and then between Staff Band appeared the ill-loved form of the Pioneer—Miss Booth. As a pleasure, gives deal and a guarantee minds—but could she dispatch some of her treasure trove from

## Canoes?

insoluble to the un- sed, and was then to excitement. Miss taken her seat, the ary (one would have man so recently or sickness would sense than join orase) was not give out the open- thing—somebody—high steps of the

## A Dog?

rs, and harnessed section of bundles a sleigh. But who of fur-capped, or and there are com

for there does not seem a thin member of the whole party!

Single file they commenced the perilous ascent. Here this, the almost tip-toeing audience had identified the voyagers as Klondikers, and the steep with the Chilkeet Pass. Half way across a pack and a man nearly vanished over the side and had to be rescued by

## What Looked Like Alpenstocks,

to the delight of the audience. Reaching the platform at the West side there ensued a great shaking and bustle.

"Well boys, I'm glad we're over," exclaimed the leader. A few minutes and a tent was up, a hasty meal arranged by means of the most wonderful of folding stoves, and all the accessories of a mining bivouac brought out. But the gasping onlookers were still further astonished by the appearance of a portable organ at which an agile Klondiker seated himself and started the strains of—

"There's no one like Jesus can cheer me to-day, His love and His kindness can ne'er fade away, In winter, in summer, in sunshine or rain, My Saviour's affections are always the same."

How could they sing that if they were going for gold? The song and prayer opening of the









14. 15. 16: . Billings, May 17, 18...

## OUR WAR CRY WAR.

East Ontario Maintains the Lead—Maritime Warriors Make a Mighty Rush, but are Still Only Second—Central Third.

THIS WEEK'S TOTALS: HUSTLERS, 195; SALES, 4,751.

## EAST ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 48. —	—Sales, 2,455.
Capt. Hill, St. Albans, Vt. (av. 2 wks)	142
Capt. Hainforth, Burlington (av. 2 wks)	146
Sergt. Mrs. Duddley, Ottawa (av. 2 wks)	140
Capt. Wilson, St. Johnsbury, Vt. (130)	130
Lieut. Tuck, Montreal I. (102)	102
Ensign Walker, Belleville (100)	100
Sergt. Jennie Yermer, Ottawa (av. 2 wks)	96
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville (85)	85
Lieut. Dawson, Deseronto (av. 2 wks)	82
Ensign Parker, Quebec (82)	82
Sergt. Mrs. Hamilton, Ottawa (av. 2 wks)	78
Capt. Chappell, Renfrew (70)	70
Capt. Munday, Montreal (70)	70
Capt. Coote, Campbellford (70)	70
Lieut. Larimour, Arnprior (68)	68
Mrs. Brumby, Trinton (68)	68
Sergt. Mrs. Barker, Kingston (68)	68
Sergt. Mrs. Rogers, Montreal I. (68)	68
Sister Carrie Combs, Arnprior (68)	68
Sister N. Clark, St. Albans (68)	68
Sister French, Peterboro (68)	68
Maud Wilson, Ottawa (68)	68
Sister M. Luddard, Kingston (68)	68
Mother Lewis, Montreal I. (68)	68
Sister Mary Crozier, Montreal I. (68)	68
Mrs. Capt. Coote, Campbellford (68)	68
Lieut. McQueen, Brighton (68)	68
Sergt. Major E. Colley, Montreal I. (68)	68
Lieut. Dora, Renfrew (68)	68
Sarah Dolphin, Kingston (68)	68
Mrs. Adlt. McManis, Kingston (68)	68
Sister McManis, Kingston (68)	68
Ensign Kerr, Peterboro (68)	68
Sis. Mrs. Carbour, Burlington (av. 3 wks)	64
Candidate Hoote, Mntreal II. (24)	24
Mrs. Smith, Peterboro (22)	22
Mrs. Green, Peterboro (22)	22
Adlt. Alexander, Peterboro (22)	22
Sergt. Fred. Hunt, Ottawa (22)	22
Sergt. McManey, Kingston (22)	22
Ethel Ferguson, Ottawa (20)	20
Sergt. Root, Belleville (20)	20
Adlt. McLean, Ottawa (20)	20
Mrs. Sturmy, Picton (20)	20

## EASTERN PROVINCE.

Hustlers, 40. —	—Sales, 2,235.
Secretary Ellis, Charlottetown (173)	173
Adlt. McGillivray, Charlottetown (125)	125
Lieut. Cowan, Halifax (125)	125
Lieut. Martin, St. Stephen (106)	106
Capt. McLeod, St. John I. (av. 2 wks)	97
Adlt. Macie McKie, St. John I. (97)	97
Cadet Hamilton, Fredericton (80)	80
Adlt. Alkenham, Fredericton (79)	79
Lieut. Hutt, St. Stephen (75)	75
Cadet Eliza McKie, St. John I. (av. 2 wks)	69
Sergt. Crane, Fredericton (69)	69
Lieut. Nuttall, Woodstock (69)	69
Ensign Mrs. Crichon, Springfield (69)	69
Ensign Mrs. Graham, Charlottetown (69)	69
Sister Mabel Ludlow, St. John I. (69)	69
Sergt. Alice Lyons, Fredericton (69)	69
Sergt. Morrison, Gloucester (69)	69
Capt. J. W. Clark, Fredericton (69)	69
Capt. Thompson, St. John I. (69)	69
Sister Vandine, Woodstock (47)	47
Capt. Jennings, Chatham (47)	47
Sister R. B. Paine, St. John (40)	40
Brother Read, St. John I. (40)	40
Sergt. McQueen, Glace Bay (40)	40
Ensign Crichon, Springfield (40)	40
Sis. Julia Sage, St. John I. (av. 3 wks)	39
Capt. Lorimer, Summerside (39)	39
Lieut. G. Hudson, Summerside (39)	39
Ensign Mrs. Graham, Charlottetown (39)	39
Sister Mary Beeson, St. John I. (39)	39
Mrs. Pitt, Springfield (39)	39
Sergt. Chisholm, Chatham (39)	39
Sister Mrs. England, Chatham (39)	39
Sister Maud Beatty, Fredericton (39)	39
Sergt. Maggie Beatty, Fredericton (39)	39
Lieut. Green, Summerside (39)	39
Sergt. Mary McDonald, Glace Bay (39)	39
Joan Calder, Charlottetown (39)	39
Sergt. Tilley, St. John I. (39)	39

## CENTRAL ONTARIO.

Northern Section.	
Hustlers, 3. —	—Sales, 155.
Sis. Mrs. Woodruff, Sault Ste. Marie (75)	75
Captain Slater, Orillia (42)	42
Sister Mrs. Dyker, Orillia (42)	42
Southern Section.	
Hustlers, 17. —	—Sales, 583.
Adlt. Mrs. Shoden, Hamilton I. (120)	120
Lieut. Cam, Brantford (49)	49
Ensign Savage, St. Catharines (av. 2 wks)	38
Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines (35)	35
Uerget, Emily Howell, Riverside (35)	35
Capt. J. E. Stollker, Riverside (35)	35

Sister L. Bailey, Brantford (31)	31
Brother Small, St. Catharines (30)	30
Sergt. Case, Hamilton I. (30)	30
Bro. Gillespie, Hamilton I. (30)	30
Sergt. Wm. Stevens, Riverside (22)	22
Lieut. Blos, Riverside (22)	22
Ensign Attwell, Riverside (21)	21
Sister Mrs. Potter, Hamilton I. (20)	20
Sister Mrs. Thatcher, Hamilton I. (20)	20
Bro. Gillespie, Hamilton II. (av. 2 wks)	20
Bro. Linklater, Hamilton II. (av. 2 wks)	20

## WEST ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 17. —	—Sales, 1,035.
Mrs. Hufman, Woodstock (250)	250
Capt. Fred. Young, London (116)	116
Sergt. Fiosse, Smith, Wallaceburg (73)	73
Ensign N. Andrews, Berlin (73)	73
Sergt. Lindsay, London (60)	60
Treasurer Wilson, Tilbury (50)	50
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas (49)	49
Mrs. Scott, Guelph (av. 2 wks)	48
Sergt. Schuster, Berlin (46)	46
Sergt. Nellie Horwood, London (45)	45
J. S. Hart, Wingham (av. 2 wks)	45
Capt. Cockerill, St. Thomas (40)	40
Sergt. Fred. Palmer, London (33)	33
Bro. Norfolk, London (25)	25
J. S. Hart, Wingham (av. 2 wks)	25
Lieut. Hodgson, Berlin (22)	22
Adlt. Slater A. Coppins, St. Thomas (20)	20

## NORTH-WEST.

Hustlers, 12. —	—Sales, 489.
Ensign Hayes, Calgary (17)	17
Lieut. B. Clarke, Brantford (16)	16
Capt. Hurst, Grand Forks av. 2 wks (6)	6
Sister Harlan, Great Falls (34)	34
Sister Lancaster, Great Falls (33)	33
Sister Mrs. Johnson, Blomart (31)	31
Capt. Graham, Larimore (av. 4 wks) (26)	26
Lieut. Stone, Great Falls (av. 2 wks) (22)	22
Sister Mrs. Johnson, Blomart (21)	21
Sergt. Johnson, Brandon (20)	20
Lieut. Anderson, Larimore (20)	20
Sister Pratt, Great Falls (20)	20

## PACIFIC.

Hustlers, 6. —	—Sales, 354.
Captain Scott, Billings (110)	110
Lieut. Walrath, Missoula (69)	69
Mrs. Adlt. Barr, New Whatcom (59)	59
Ensign May, Missoula (56)	56
Sis. Bury, New Whatcom (56)	56
Capt. Hagan, Mt. Vernon (23)	23

## TORONTO LEAGUE OF MERCY.

It is extremely gratifying to be able to report progress in this branch of our work in the city. Mrs. Brigadier Gaskin with Ensign Fletcher and the sisters, visited the Mercer Reformatory last Monday, and they had a time of real blessing. The girls were much pleased with the singing and playing of guitars, and many were moved to tears as they told them of the love and mercy of God. Four of the girls testified to the saving power of Jesus, and at the close four others held up their hands for special prayer. May God lend them into light and liberty. We have great expectations for the Mercer under the leadership of Ensign Griffiths. Sisters Tuck and Davis.

Mrs. Brigadier Gaskin conducted a special meeting of the League of Mercy members in the Lippincott St. barracks, when new plans were discussed and special points dealt with which were received with enthusiasm. Every member was able to report victory at the various Institutions visited. The meeting closed by a united consecration to God.

Thursday found us at the Home of the Incurables, where two meetings were held, one for the men and one for the women. We had an exceptionally good attendance for both, many were in tears and at times a dozen would weep together. This is a good sign, for although some of the poor creatures are so sick that they are not easily influenced for salvation, God is helping us. After the meeting we visited from bed to bed reading and praying with each, and distributing War Cry, which were heartily received. The inmates do appreciate the War Cry, it is a messenger of hope and cheer to them.

Friday, in the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Brigadier Read, Mrs. Gaskin conducted the meeting at the Refuge. Mrs. Major Smetton and Lieutenant Easter assisted. To see so many young girls made our hearts sad, although they were more than delighted at our visit, and as we entered the building they rose to their feet and gave us a hearty welcome. While we spoke to them they listened with eager attention, and although none yet believed a good word was done.

A LEAGUE OF MERCY MEMBER.

**MISSING.**

To Parents, Relations and Friends:—

We will search for missing or runaway friends, or assist, if possible, wronged girls, women or children, or any person in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER EYLA BOOTH, 15 Albert Street, Toronto, Canada, and mark inquiry on the envelope.

It is possible send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses. We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

3222. THOMAS MACCAWBERY. Late of London, Ireland. Age about 26. Left Ireland in 1892 for New York. Thought to have gone to Canada. Address whereabouts to S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

3223. JOSEPH LISHORE. Was discharged from the Royal Marines. Late heard of in Esquimaux. Address whereabouts to S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

3224. GEORGE CHILPOT. Last known address 11 Maple St., London, Ont. Will hear something to his advantage. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

3225. DANIEL RUFF. Last known address was Philip Street, Ransalagh, P. O., Norfolk (no. Wingham, Ont., where he was employed in a cheese factory. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

3226. JOSEPH MOONEY. Who left St. John's, Newfoundland, in 1893. When last heard of was in London, Eng. Address whereabouts to 4 Brazil Square, St. John's, Nfld. or Inquiry, Toronto.

3227. NELSON HENRY MUIRHEAD. Thirteen years since he went away from Inglefield, near Barrie, Ont. Age 37, medium height, sandy complexion, auburn hair, and a thin mustache. Last seen at Saginaw, about thirteen years ago. He thought to be somewhere in the States. Mother much concerned. Any person who can give any news about him and whereabouts any time during the thirteen years, kindly address Inquiry, Toronto.

3228. THOMAS STUBBS. An Englishman. Tall, dark, and a little deaf. About 35 years of age. His wife and family are very anxious about him and are in want. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

3229. ANDREW J. ORMOND. Last heard of in Glencoe, Ont. Dark com-

pexion, dark eyes, quite bald, scar on cheek, age about 35. Englishman. When leaving Glencoe spoke of going to Winnipeg, Man. Address, S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

3230. MICHAEL, or JOHN WOODS. Formerly from Canada, last heard of in Brooklyn, New York. By making his whereabouts known will be to his advantage. Address, S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

3231. MICHAEL, PATREY and JOHN REEDY. Left Waterford, Ireland for New Brunswick. Patsey and Michael were farmers and would be now nearly 30 years of age. Address, S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

3232. JOHN FERRIN. Left Wednesday, Kingston, 1895, came to Canada. Last heard of when he left Toronto, 18th April, 1895. Age about 18 years. Carpenter and book-keeper. Address, S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

3233. GEO. WILLIAM ARMSTRONG. Age 33. Last seen by his mother three years ago. He was a very good man. He wrote to his mother, Oakville, shortly after his visit. Supposed to be on a farm about 10 miles from Oakville. A relative to hear from him. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

3234. THOMAS or JAMES KANE. Left Bandonigh, County Derby, Ireland, about 25 years ago for Cincinnati, Ohio. 1871. Age about 30 years. Carpenter and book-keeper. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

**At Rest.**

Brother Ewerett, Barrie.

Wm. Henry Howcroft, of the Barrie corps, has gone to see the King. During his illness of six weeks, suffering from pneumonia, he was very near death. He had not been converted many months, but on Sunday morning, February 18th, he sought a clean heart at knee-drops, and although soon after stricken down with pain which he suffered intensely, his faith never wavered. The day he took his departure he told sweetly resting in His Saviour.

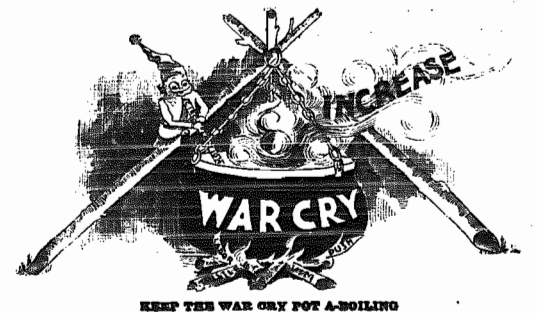
On Tuesday, April 6th, about 3:30 p.m., he passed away without a struggle, sweetly resting in His Saviour.

We buried his remains with true Salvation honors, and Sunday evening we conducted his memorial service. Many of the soldiers and sailors, and seven precious souls came forward and gave themselves to God. The meeting was intensely impressive. We trust people there were Roman Catholics, Jews and Prussians present, and all felt the power of God. Many who did not yield felt very much convicted. His faithful life and triumphant death of our departed comrade many more will be led to seek the Lord.—W. H. Byers.

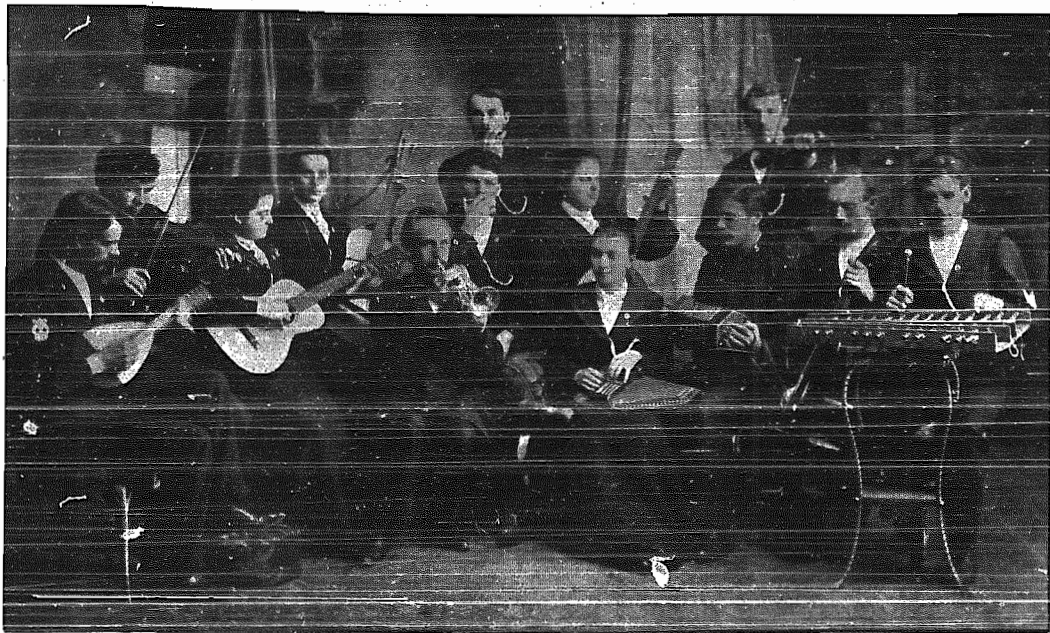
**Daddy Cameron, Sydney, N.S.**

For the first time in the history of the Sydney corps death has entered the roll of the dead. A young man, John Cameron, "one of the oldest and most faithful soldiers of the corps." He was 32 years of age and was a soldier of the corps. Before his sickness, although his home was three miles away, he would walk to and from the meetings, often going alone to pray, especially if there was any trouble in the corps. He loved knee-drops and would sometimes be knocking at the door of the officers' quarters by 6 o'clock Sunday morning. Many speak of him when there were but few soldiers, how he would take the drum and beat it through the streets, and when he was dead, he yet speaks. His earnestness and faithfulness will long be remembered and is talked of by all classes. When asked, "Did you hear him say as Mrs. Hagell and myself visited him a few years before his death, was 'Praise the Lord'?" We buried him beneath the flag. He bravely fought under, Adjutant Miller, our District Officer, officiated, and although there was a terrific rain storm, the service was a large crowd. The memorial service Sunday night was a blessed time. Many in tears, but none would yield. May God help somebody to fill his place—James Bowring, Captain.

Men who held out—and almost boasted in holding out, who had not in defiance through many powerful ministers, were amongst the twenty-two who yielded to Christ at the memorial service of the late Treasurer, Provost.



KEEP THE WAR CRY FOR A-BOILING



WEST ONTARIO MARINE BAND.

The Marine Band, belonging to West Ontario, whose salvation exploits are often recorded in the War Cry, continues to be a great blessing. Large crowds are attracted, sinners are convinced, souls saved, and many of the corps are helped liberally in respect to their finances. God bless the West Ontario Marine Band.

## SONGS

Tune.—When I survey (B.J. 183, 1); or any common metre.

1 O God, I seek Thy will to know,  
Thy knowledge, Lord, impart;  
So that My daily life may show  
A willing, loving heart.

O God, I seek Thy will to prove,  
That I henceforth may see  
That all Thy nature, Lord, is love,  
And lives and burns in me.

O God, I seek Thy will to teach,  
That all may know its power;  
Helping the low its heights to reach,  
And live there every hour.

O God, I seek Thy will to do—  
Thy mighty Presence give,  
To dwell within, to keep me true,  
That Thy will may live.

J. B.

Tunes.—Come, comrades dear (B.B. 9);  
Come on, my partners (B. J. 190, 1);  
Faith's ascent (B. J. 85, 1); Praise (B. J. 148, 1).

2 Come, comrades dear, that love the  
Lord,  
Who taste the sweets of Jesus's  
word.

In Jesus's ways go on;  
Our troubles and our trials here  
Will only make us richer there,  
When we arrive at home.

We feel that heaven is now begun,  
It issues from the sparkling throne,  
From Jesus's throne on high.  
It comes in floods we can't contain,  
We drink, and drink, and drink again,  
And yet we still are dry.

And when we come to dwell above,  
And all surround the throne of love,  
Jesus will lead His soldiers forth  
To living streams of richest worth  
That never will run dry.

Tunes.—The Lion of Judah (B.B. 59); Oh,  
turn ye (B.B. 19, 2); Fighting  
on (B.B. 59); Lord, I believe (B.J. 190,  
1); Bonnie Dundee (B); The pass of  
Llanberis (W); Stand like the brave.

3 God's trumpet is sounding.  
"To arms!" is the call,  
More warriors are wanted to help  
on the war;

My King's is the battle, He's calling for  
me,  
A Salvation Soldier for Jesus I'll be.

When foes persecute me I'll not be dis-  
mayed,  
Sin, death, hell and fiends shall not make  
me afraid:

From fearing and doubting I'm fully set  
free,  
A Salvation Soldier for God I will be.

I'll fight till the last with the Lord's  
sword and shield,  
And count it an honor to die on the field;  
In death and the grave there is victory  
for me.

A Salvation Soldier in glory I'll be.

The war will go on till the world is pos-  
sessed,  
The Salvation Army Jehovah has blessed;  
More heroes of faith on the roll we shall  
see.

The Salvation Army's the Army for me.

Tune.—A robe of white (B.J. 5, S.M.  
II, 89).

4 Marching on with flag unfurled,  
Marching on, marching on;  
Up the path that our Master trod;  
Marching, marching on.

Chorus.

A robe of white a crown of gold,  
A harp, a home, a mansion fair,  
A victor's palm, a joy untold,  
Arc mine when I get there.  
For Jesus is my Saviour, He washed my  
sins away,  
Fuld my debt on Calvary's mountain;  
I'm happy in His dying love, singing all  
the day,  
I'm living, yes, I'm living in the Foun-  
tain.

Marching on with the blood and fire,  
Marching on, marching on;  
Marching till Christ says, "Come up  
higher."

Marching, marching on.

Marching on with flag unfurled,  
Marching on, marching on;  
Preaching Christ to a dying world,  
Marching, marching on.

Marching on though the sceptics sneer,  
Marching on, marching on;  
Perfect love knoweth naught of fear,  
Marching, marching on.

Tune.—We are out on the ocean sailing  
(B.B. 14, S.M. I, 9).

5 Sinner, we are sent to bid you  
To the Gospel feast to-day;  
Will you slight the invitation?  
Will you, can you yet delay?

Chorus.

Leave, oh, leave your sin and sorrow;  
Do not wait until to-morrow;  
Now your Saviour kindly calls you,  
Come, poor sinner, come away.

Come, oh, come, all things are ready,  
To your Saviour's bosom fly;  
Leave the worthless world behind you;  
Seek for pardon, or you die.

What are all earth's dearest pleasures,  
Were they more than tongue could tell?  
What are all its boasted treasures  
To a soul when sunk in hell?

Chorus.

Tune.—Oh, turn ye (B.B. 19, B.J. 9, S.M.  
I, 190).

6 Oh, turn ye! oh, turn ye! for  
why will ye die,  
When God, in great mercy, is  
drawing so nigh.  
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says  
"Come!"  
And angels are waiting to welcome you  
home.

How vain the delusion, that while you  
delay  
Your hearts may grow better by slaying  
away!  
Come wretched, come starving, come just  
as you be,  
While streams of salvation are flowing  
so free.

In riches, in pleasures, what can you  
obtain,  
To soothe your affliction or banish your  
pain,  
To bear up your spirits when summoned  
to die,  
Or take you to Christ in the clouds of  
the sky?

Why will you be starving and feeding on  
air?  
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to  
spare!

If still you are doubting, make trial and  
see,  
And prove that His mercy is boundless  
and free.

Chorus.

After the "Go."

Tune.—After the ball.  
I am a Captain of a certain corps,  
I have of soldiers more than a  
score;

Sometimes they turn out, when extra  
fair,

Always at "big goes," when D. O.'s there;  
Vacant the platform, but for a few,  
(Dear me, without them what would I  
do?)

Oh, what a difference when comes D. O.!

But—but where are they after the "go?"

Chorus.

After the "go" is over,  
After the D. O.'s gone,  
Specials are all departed,  
Said "Good-bye," one by one;  
Then all my braves (?) desert me,  
Why 'tis I do not know;  
Alas! my heart is nigh breaking  
After the "go."

Sometimes with weak lungs, and with  
throat so sore—

I lead our grand (?) march two deep—  
just four;

Stand on the corner while hoodlums roar,  
Find myself saying, "Where are the  
score?"

Last week 'twas different when specials  
came,

Marched every soldier through mud and  
rain;

My! how they did sing—charmed our  
D. O.—

Now they are minus, after the "go."

Now, "big go" soldiers, heed my counsel  
plain,

Stand by your Captain with might and  
main;

Be a good soldier, fight with all your  
might,

Don't miss the meetings, get there each  
night;

There's need for something more than a  
name,

Hearts we are wanting with zeal and flame;  
Soldiers who shrink not from any foe,  
Never are missing after the "go."

### LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST  
would do well to write to Territorial Head-  
quarters for information. We can offer most reliable  
security with interest for large or small sums. Full  
particulars can be had from STAFF-CAPTAIN CANNON,  
Our James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

### THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

TO those who think of travelling  
to the

OLD COUNTRY,

we would like to call special attention  
to the fact that we can secure tickets  
for all the CANADIAN STEAMSHIP LINES,  
on very favorable terms. For full par-  
ticulars apply to STAFF-CAPTAIN  
SUNNYSIDE, 2 A. Temple, Toronto



# LIFE AND LABORS OF James Dowdle COMMISSIONER.

## A Biography.

### CHAPTER X.

The Coalship Explosion—"Fetch James Dowdle"—wars and rumors of wars—Feeding the Enemy—Thrown Out—The Publicans Complain of the Salvation Army.

ONE day, soon after the events already recorded, a gang of coal-whippers were busy unloading a vessel which lay alongside the Quay at Chatham. Suddenly a loud report, resembling the discharge of cannon, started everyone in the immediate neighborhood, and all eyes were soon turned in the direction of the collier which was enveloped in a cloud of smoke.

What had happened? Was the vessel on fire? Was anybody hurt?

The sight which met the eyes of those who had hastened to the spot was a sufficient answer.

There had been an explosion of gas, and those disfigured, blackened forms were the four coal-whippers who had been at work in the hold.

Shortly before the accident they had been holding a mock prayer meeting in order to annoy one of the mates, who was a Salvationist.

It was a terrible sight. The lips which had no often taken the name of God in vain were now scorched and black, and the bodies of the men resembled

### Trunks of Charred Wood

rather than forms of men.

The sufferers were taken at once to the hospital, and their flesh came away with their clothes as they were being undressed.

This was had enough, but the mental suffering of these dupes of the devil seemed to exceed the physical pain.

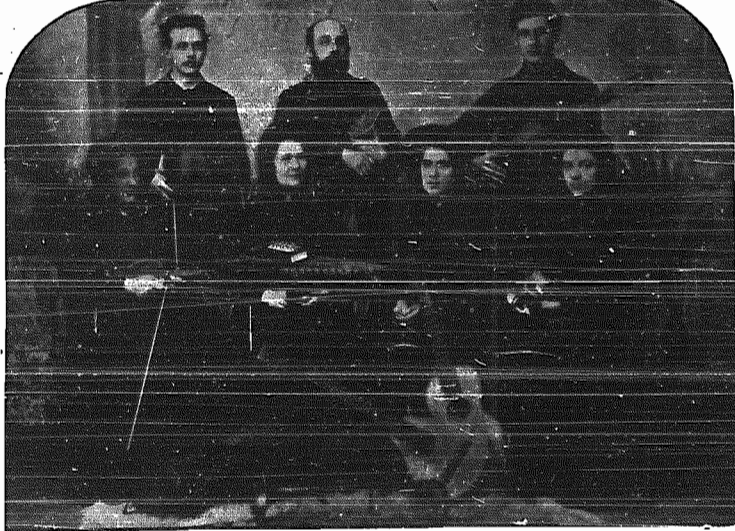
"Fetch the preacher," mumbled one, his swollen tongue protruding from between his scorched lips. "Fetch James Dowdle," he continued. "This is a judgment from God upon us for mocking him and the other Salvationists."

Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the hearts of men are fully set to do evil; but God sometimes relaxes His restraining hand and allows the thunderbolts to fall. It was so in this case. It was well that the scoffers understood the meaning of the morning which had overtaken them. The hospital ward was soon converted into a praying room, and James Dowdle dealt faithfully with the scoffers, warning them of the worse, because eternal, judgments which await

### The Impenitent and Rebellious.

But where was the Salvationist whose duty it was to resolve the basket of coals as it emerged from the hold?

Just as he was making for his post—at the mouth of the hold—a restraining, though unseen, Hand was laid upon him, and he was held back from approaching the fatal spot. A moment later he was startled by the explosion, and only arrived in time to see the disfigured bodies of his mates carried to the hospital.



Captain Greene.

Captain Jones.

Brigadier Bennett.

Captain McCall.

Sergeant Downey.

Lieutenant Dora.

Captain Downey.

As we saw last week, the opposition offered by the ungodly in the open-air was, at times, very fierce, but while there were wars and rumors of wars outside, it must not be imagined that the devil was asleep inside. Specially was he awake when James and a few comrades would be holding meetings at Rochester and Strood. The rowdies were backed up by the publicans, who bribed them with beer, and when the beer went in the wits went out. They yelled and shouted like a herd of jackals, hoping to drown the voices of the Salvationists, whilst on more than one occasion they threatened to

### Throw James Into the River.

So fierce was the battle that the Secretary thought it would be advisable to license the place and summons the transgressors.

James was not of this opinion, however, but inclined rather to try the law of love. He accordingly arranged to give a tea to their most bitter persecutors, and in response to a loving invitation 100 of the worst characters of the neighborhood sat down to this love-feast.

The guests presented a terrible sight—women with black eyes and scarred faces, blotched with drink and angry passions; men, too, who might have sat to artists bent on painting forms with which to people

### Dante's Inferno. L.

There they sat, listening attentively to

the Gospel message after tea was over. Many were weeping, and twelve sought mercy at the penitent form. "It was," says the Commissioner, "one of the most precious and blessed meetings I ever was in. Love had indeed conquered."

Among the hundreds of interesting conversations which took place during the Dowdies' stay at Chatham, were four members of one family, three of whom became Salvation Army officers, Kate Watts (Mrs. Colonel Taylor) being one of them.

(To Be Continued.)

## The East Ontario Province String Band.

THE East Ontario Province String Band has been, and is, a decided success. It has gone over the Province again and again, but seems to lose none of its charm. It is now somewhere about three years or more since it was organized at Kingston. Many will have heard of the fame of the Brass and String Band at that corps giving such successful Musical Festivals, and it was as a result of these that the present provincial band sprang into existence. Major Southall was, I believe, the propagator of it while Chancellor in that Province, and from the start it was destined to become a blessing to the Corps and Province. It has undergone many changes since the commencement, and has had many leaders, amongst whom were Adjutant Archibald, Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp, and its originator with his wife.

Here is one instance of what it has done in the past. There was a certain officer in the Province who wished to go and being in a hard corps saw very little prospect of doing so. Brigadier Sharp, with his large, kind heart, offered to let the band go and let him sit. They went for a week and raised somewhere about \$50 for him so that he was enabled to go to his home with his wife and little children, rejoicing.

Not a few of the members of the band were converted and became soldiers under that most godly and now glorified officer, Captain York, and as a band they retain their spirituality remarkably, and are not all music and show, which is especially manifest when travelling, for then some of the ladies may be seen with their needle work, making the best of their time on the cars.

Perhaps the best leader they had (with no reflection upon its past or present leaders) was Mrs. Brigadier Sharp, who was dearly loved by them all, and to whom they told their difficulties and troubles at all times: in fact with her, it was more like a family than a band, and her influence remains, though her presence has gone from amongst them.

A feature of the band which specially commends itself to the corps visited, is the willing ready spirit of members to take a share in behind the scenes as well as platform toil. If they strike a town where there has been little arrangements

made or tickets sold, they will sometimes go all over the place selling the same in order to make it a success.

Now about its present members. There are very few but what will have heard of the musical "Greene Family," of Peterboro, who used to travel with the early D. O.'s years ago; Captain Mendell Greene, whom I have reference to now, has come from that remarkable family and is an accomplished musician on many instruments, the chief, perhaps, being his accurate violin playing. You hear so many scraping and destroying the reputation of that sweet instrument that it is really a treat to hear him play, especially when he is accompanied by Captain Jones in a duet. By the way, I might mention that the latter spent a year and a half or more of thorough tuition and instruction on the violin from an expert. She is the daughter of a minister and had a most definite call into the field. To hear the Downey sisters play a guitar duet makes you feel sorry you were not born a musician. The Captain and her sister were soldiers of the Kingston corps, and there first found out they had a remarkable musical talent, which they are now using for God.

Both of them are nice singers, the Captain, who is called the nightingale, is also a beautiful player on the mandoline. Captain McCall, who plays the autoharp, came out of the Ottawa corps, and while there her singing was much used for the glory of God. The other member, Lieutenant Dora, is a little addition, and his singing will be another help to the band. Now that Brigadier Bennett has taken charge there seems good reason to think that the band will be a greater success than ever, seeing that he brings his conducting to assist the melody. May God's blessing be with them wherever they go.

F. R. H.  
P. S.—The McNaney sisters, who travelled with the band, were soldiers of the Kingston corps. The Captain is stationed in Vermont, and her sister is still a good soldier at Kingston. The Famous Captain Bearhall was also a very prominent member, but now has a wife and family so is at present stationed at the corps. Captain Greene arranges the music of the band.

### PERSONS AND HOSPITALS.

WILL ALL SALVATIONISTS THROUGHOUT THE TERRITORY WHO VISIT PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, SUCH AS PRISONS, HOSPITALS, POOR HOUSES, ETC., WHO DO NOT REPORT THE SAME TO T. H. Q. WRITE TO MRS. READ, SECRETARY FOR THE LEAGUE OF MERCY WORK.



An Explosion of Gas in the Ship's Hold.